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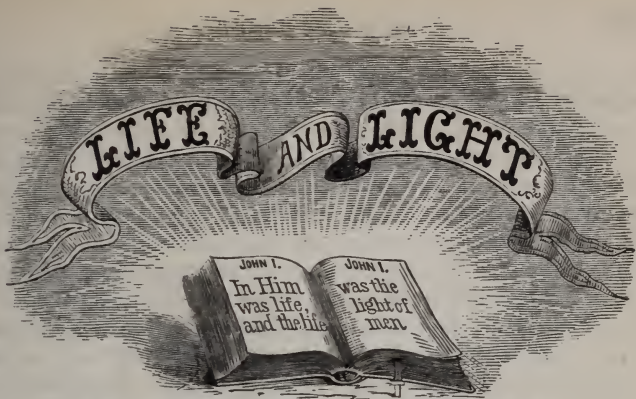
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FOR WOMAN.

VOL. VII.

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HOW THE HEATHEN PRAY.

NUMBER THREE.

IN TURKEY AND SYRIA.

BY MISS ELLEN CARRUTH.

FOR many months our thoughts have been turning towards the East, now the scene of an angry contest between two opposing powers, — one a nominally Christian country, yet bitterly intolerant of a difference in faith; the other calling upon God and his Prophet to bless their cause, and leaving a track of desolation and death behind them. One shudders at the fearful outrages which are committed; and many and earnest are the prayers that plead for the safety of our missionaries who are exposed to danger and death. Our comfort is, that he will give his angels charge over them, to keep them in all their ways.

Mohammed (or Mahomet), the founder of the religion which bears his name, was born in Mecca in the year 570. It is asserted that miraculous signs attended his birth, the sacred fires of the Parsees were extinguished, and the palace of the Persian king was shaken by an earthquake. At the age of forty he received a communication from the angel Gabriel, and was commissioned as the special prophet of God. Proclaiming his mission, he attracted to

himself a band of followers, placed himself at their head, and began the Holy War of Islam. The sword was their main reliance; and death, or acceptance of his doctrines, with the payment of tribute, the only alternatives for the conquered. Those who should fall in battle in defence of the faith were promised special rewards in paradise. So the little band became an army; and now, after thirteen centuries, the Mohammedans number one hundred and sixty million souls. They are peculiarly a people of prayer. No petition is offered; but the formula, "God is great! God is powerful! God is all powerful!" is repeated again and again. Each repetition is counted upon a string of beads, which is always carried in the hand or upon the person. Five times in a day these prayers are performed, — before sunrise, at noon, before sunset, between sunset and dark, and before the first watch of the night, — while the especially devout sometimes add a sixth prayer before dawn. Facing towards Mecca, the Holy City, the worshipper stretches out his arms, and bows his forehead to the ground, not in the mosque alone, but wherever he may chance to be when the call to prayer is heard from the minaret. Instead of a bell, a man's voice calls, "God is great! Come to prayer; come to prayer! There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God! Come to prayer; come to prayer!" Women must not pray with men in the mosque, since their presence is a distraction, but may pray at home, folding the arms upon the breast, and making less profound inflections than the men. They are admonished to be humble, and to lay aside during prayer all jewelry and costly clothing. Friday is the sabbath of the Moslems, — in distinction from the Jewish and Christian sabbaths, — when, in addition to the usual routine of prayer, a sermon is preached in the mosque. It is believed that Friday is the day on which man was created.

Together with prayer the Moslem holds as a sacred duty the giving of alms and the practice of fasting. The tenth of the income is given, either in money or in grain, cattle, or other possessions.

Thirty days in each year the Moslem devotes to the Fast of Rhama Dan, taking no food or drink, and abstaining from the bath, or the use of perfumes upon the person, from dawn to sunset. A heavy gun is fired to mark these hours. At dawn, when the gun is heard, all food that may chance to be in the mouth is ejected; and, at the sound of the gun at evening, they rush eagerly to their

homes to satisfy the cravings of an empty and weakened stomach. Such habits result in much physical distress. Among other substitutes for food during the long day is an orange ornamented in fantastic designs with cloves, the smell of which revives the spirits. This rigid abstinence is regarded as purifying both body and soul. It was said by Prince Abd el Aziz, "Prayer leads us half way to God; fasting conveys us to his threshold; but alms conducts us into his presence."

The fourth great duty of the Moslem is the pilgrimage to Mecca, which he must undertake himself or by a substitute. As he leaves his home, he repeats passages from the Koran, and says, "I turn my face to the Holy Caaba, the throne of God, to accomplish the pilgrimage commanded by his law, and which shall draw me near to him." The rules of the pilgrimage are, to commence no quarrel, bear all revilings, and to aid in preserving peace among the pilgrims. During the journey the hair and the nails are allowed to grow, and he enters Mecca disrobed of all clothing, save two girdles,—one folded around the loins, and the other about the neck and shoulders. He goes immediately to the Caaba, prostrating himself four times as he enters the gate, and kisses the Black Stone. This stone is believed to have once been the guardian angel of Adam in paradise, changed to a stone for not having been more vigilant. Seven times he walks around the mosque, and drinks from the well Zem-Zem, which was the well discovered by the angel to Hagar and Ishmael when fainting with thirst. His nails are cut, and his hair shaved, both barber and pilgrim repeating prayers during the operation. The refuse of the hair and nails is buried in consecrated ground, and the pilgrimage is ended.

Such is the faith and worship of one hundred and sixty million of our fellow-creatures. Where lies the burden of these souls? Have we, or have we not, any responsibility in regard to them? The time is coming when we shall hear the shout of the Angel of Revelation: "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever." And, if we have been found faithful, we shall join joyfully and gratefully in the chorus, "We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, which art, and wast, and art to come; because thou hast taken to thee thy great power, and hast reigned."

TURKEY.

WAR EXPERIENCES.

LETTER FROM MISS M. A. C. ELY.

SINCE my last letter, the dark war-cloud which had hung over Turkey so long has burst, and now scenes of strife and bloodshed are rife in the land. Greatly as we lament this scourge, we yet look to it with intense hope and longing, that it may result in permanent good to this country, especially to the cause of Christianity.

You will get more recent and reliable news concerning the war from the papers than we can, though so very near the scene of contest. For a time we learned some items from messengers, or deserters from the army; but, several having been severely tortured and imprisoned for spreading reports of the success of the enemy, even this way of getting information has been mostly stopped. With the accompaniments of war, however,—unsettled business, depreciated currency, heavy taxations, danger to life and property,—we have already become sadly familiar. Lawless Koords, no longer restrained by the strong arm of the government, rove over the country at will, knowing no rule but the simple one, "Might is right." This has brought about, in a considerable region around us, a state of things bordering on anarchy.

Many of the villages near Bitlis have been utterly despoiled. In not a few cases, lives have been taken; and, when none of the inhabitants have been wounded or murdered, the price has been non-resistance to the plunderers, and often a ransom in money. We are informed that the entire region of "the beautiful valley" lying between Bitlis and Van has been desolated by Koordish recruits, coming from the south at the call and in the charge of a certain sheik. When the poor villagers, driven to a last desperate effort for protection, appealed to the sheik himself, he rudely turned them off with the words, "You complain of *my* soldiers to spoil *my* name." This was regarded as a threat; and the people fled in fear and despair.

Scarcely a day passes in which we do not hear some new and sorrowful recital of grievances inflicted by the Koords upon the villages,—occasionally upon some foe of theirs in this city. This morning the first item of news was, "The Koords plundered Mezera last night, and the people have fled here." The villagers

sent several messengers to the city, begging for help; but no one dared to go; and, as usual, the poor people had to stand one side, and see their worldly all—little enough, one would think, to excite pity rather than envy—carried off beyond recall. Again: since taking up my pen, a preacher has come in, and says, "Word has been received that Koords are preparing to attack an Armenian quarter of the city to-night." The Armenians, having heard this, have shut up their shops, and returned to their houses.

The small military force usually stationed here was called to the front several weeks ago; since then the citizens have done what they could to provide themselves with fire-arms, and to guard their houses at night. They have thus far been able to withstand attack. The dwellings, mostly very strongly built, of stone, with walls fully a yard thick, are barricaded; and a large number keep awake every night, ready to respond to a call for help. It is hoped that this city will largely escape the damage befalling the more scattered population.

The Turks here are much disheartened, and even say they expect Russia will conquer. Owing to this, it has been very difficult to raise soldiers. Not a few legally bound to enter the army have fled, or hidden themselves; and volunteers are scarce. Sheiks of various provinces long since promised the government, that, whenever soldiers should be needed, they would furnish many thousands. Now, in Turkey's sore need, we know that some of them have failed to supply as many hundreds. This is a great discomfiture to the government, which had relied on the fulfilment of these promises.

The dear Lord keeps us his missionaries in a great measure of peace and quiet; but we do have our hearts wrung by the sorrows of those around us. Although we cannot do as much direct missionary work as usual, yet we are making an earnest effort to remain at our posts, hoping our presence may encourage the little band of Protestants here. They are seeing very dark days. Yet, with the spirit of true Christian fortitude, they unite in the simple but emphatic words of their pastor, "Let our property, and lives even, be sacrificed; but the pure, priceless Christian faith will live and shine beyond the limits of our mortal lives." Said a preacher this morning, when comparing the condition of Bitlis with that of places more closely influenced by the war, "The providence of God over this city shines brighter than the sun."

We have sent all pupils from the city to their homes. The roads are so dangerous, that we cannot send home the village pupils. To them we give some lessons ; but we do not have the complete routine of more auspicious times. The women's meetings, both on the sabbath and week-days, are very thinly attended, as it is not considered safe for them to come. We hope and pray that this state of things may be of short duration. At our last communion, three of our pupils and one woman were received to the church. It was an occasion of peculiar joy and thanksgiving.

In closing, let me say that the assurance of your prayers, given in letters of April 23 (just received), affords us very great comfort.

LETTER FROM MISS PROCTOR.

We are permitted to give the following letter from Miss Proctor. The story it contains sounds so much like what might have happened in our favored New England, that we ask our readers to bear in mind, as they read it, that the events occurred in a country under Moslem rule, and among a people still under the thralldom of ignorance and degrading superstition. She says, —

I COME to you at this time with only a simple story of domestic life ; but our sorrow is still too fresh to allow me to write of any thing else. On the 5th of this month, the oldest son of our faithful steward went, we trust, to be "forever with the Lord." The family came to live with me in 1862, when Sarkis, who is now gone, was only three years of age, and his young mother looked scarcely seventeen. As she and her husband proved to be honest and efficient, we have kept them with us until the present time, and have taken a great interest in their family of four boys and two girls.

When their family and our school were both small, they were accustomed to meet with us for evening prayers. How often Miss F—— and I smiled together, ten years ago this winter, at little Sarkis, who would come up stairs at the sound of the bell, bringing the large family Bible! — to see him put it on the table, and open to the place ; only his little, grave face appearing above the book, so ministerial in his look.

He commenced going to school at five years of age, and was much beloved by his teacher for his good behavior and his aptitude in learning. When, at the age of thirteen, his father took him out of school to learn a trade, he felt very badly ; and, during the four years that followed, his long silence, whenever the subject

was mentioned, showed that he still retained the same feeling. His father thought he needed his help in supporting his large family, and for a time took great satisfaction in the number of yards of coarse gingham Sarkis could weave in a day, and in the tact for business he displayed when he had left the loom, and had apprentices of his own. Sarkis took an interest in his work, as he had in his studies. He used to tell his mother that he and Moses would soon be able to buy a house, and then his father might go back and forth to the seminary to attend to his work; but she would be obliged to work for no one but her own household.

When we returned from our last vacation, we found Sarkis quite feeble. He had not been as well as usual for a long time; and yet our fears had not been aroused, for he never complained, and in his quiet way attended to his business. He had always declined to see a physician, as he said he had no pain, and therefore had nothing to speak of to a doctor. But his symptoms grew so serious, that the native physician was called in; and, when Dr. Norris arrived, he examined the case. How our hearts sank within us as he turned from the examination with the remark, "We must make him as comfortable as possible"! He afterwards expressed his opinion that he would not live a month, although he might continue through the winter.

"What does the doctor say?" was the eager inquiry of the invalid as soon as he had left.

"He will send you some medicine," replied his mother.

But his anxious eye was not thus deceived. "I see from your face that he gives no hope," said he sadly.

That week was a trying one. Sarkis was depressed and restless, and spent much of the day at his shop, or at a neighbor's house. His mother suddenly grew ten years older in her looks, and was constantly seeking some corner in which to weep unobserved. All our hearts were burdened with sorrow and with the thought, "Is he prepared for the change?" He was always so very reserved, that, in talking to him about his religious feelings, I could never obtain any but the briefest answers.

On Friday of that memorable week, as he was sitting with me, looking at some pictures, I said, "Sarkis, for what are you praying most in these days?" He hesitated a long time; and I asked again, "What do you desire most of all?" Still he hesitated, but at last said, —

"Most of all I desire the forgiveness of my sins; but I do wish very much to get well."

"We all desire that for you," I said, as the tears started to my eyes; and then I tried to lead him to feel that he could trust all to his Father's hands, who would certainly choose wisely for him.

Cold, rainy weather came on, and he failed rapidly for several days. I often read to him and said a few words; but, although he would fix his bright eyes most intently upon me, he was very silent. The first sabbath in the following month he expressed to his pastor the hope that his sins were forgiven, and that he should go to be with Christ. The next day, as I stepped to the door of their room, I noticed his parents in tears, and drew back; but his father came out, saying, "Sarkis has been telling us that he knows he must die, but that we must not weep for him, for he trusts he shall be with Christ, and we must think of him as free from all pain and sorrow." He asked to see me, and I went in: after we had talked a little, he said, —

"I wish to ask your forgiveness for all the trouble I have given you."

"You have been a real comfort to me as well as to your parents," I answered; and how glad I was to be able to say it!

"I want to thank you, too, for all you have done for me," he said. "If I die," he added, "I shall hope to be with Christ. I have but one regret, and that is, that I have not worked for him as much as I might." The next morning he told his brother, whatever his business might be, to work for Jesus every day as long as he lived. He rallied from his extreme weakness for a time, so as to be able to walk about the house. . . .

New-Year's Day dawned clear and bright; merry voices rang through the house; little gifts were distributed. During the day we received one hundred and eighty calls. Very few went in to see Sarkis; but he lay where he could watch them as they went up and down the stairs. Late in the afternoon, the boys from the orphan asylum came and entertained us with songs, to which the girls responded. The doors were open; and Sarkis enjoyed the singing very much. In the evening I went to sit with him a little. I knew his parents' hearts had been full all day, as had mine. "Did the New-Year's wishes seem out of place to you as you lay here?" I asked; "or is your heart so full of peace that the new year seems truly blessed?" (The greeting here is, "May your new year be blessed!") He only looked up with one of his silent smiles, and then we talked of the heavenly city and its inhabitants. This was the last time he was able to talk with me. He failed very rapidly; and Friday morning, at nine o'clock, he left us.

I had dreaded the last scenes very much, the mother had appeared so broken-hearted, and the people in the East are so uncontrollable in their grief; but the fruits of the precious gospel were clearly visible on that sad day.

I went to their room early in the morning, and saw that the end was near. The father sat at the head of the bed, weeping, and the mother at the side, looking into the face of the dying boy, — a position from which she had not once arisen for eleven hours. The two aged grandmothers and the five brothers and sisters were also gathered there. The old family Bible was taken down, that we might listen to the strengthening words: “I am the resurrection and the life,” and, “They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more.” Soon other friends came to watch with us. There was a solemn hush as the spirit took its flight, then one burst of grief, — “Oh, my child! Oh, my son! my Sarkis! What shall we do without thee?” But it was quiet and submissive mourning, not the frenzied raving we so often hear.

There is no time when the want of culture and civilization is so apparent, and so harrowing to my feelings, as at a funeral. Burials take place almost immediately after death, and every thing is hurried and confused. In this case we tried to have every thing orderly; but, in spite of all our care, the coffin was made too short, and the grave too small. The workmen did not comprehend measures. But I tried to put these annoyances out of my mind, and to think only of the comforting words the pastor spoke, and the sweet hymns sung by some of the boys from the boys’ preparatory school. Never did they seem more precious. “My faith looks up to Thee;” “Jesus, lover of my soul;” “Joyfully, joyfully onward I move,” — how they lift us up above these earthly scenes, and make us feel the presence of our ever-living Friend, — he who brought life and immortality to light through the gospel!

Then we returned to the room that seemed so empty without the bed, and the patient face that had been there for nearly two months; and the prattle of baby Murad unwittingly re-opened the fountain of tears with the wondering inquiries, “Brother gone? brother gone?”

Dear friends, I have been prolix in my story; but I have written as friend to friends. The war-cloud hangs heavily over us; but we hope to go on with our work uninterruptedly. Pray that all the changes that are taking place in these days may hasten the coming of Christ’s kingdom in this land.

THE CONSTANTINOPLE HOME.

IN a letter received from Mrs. Williams, dated June 11, she says, —

“Our school this year has been very pleasant, and we can see that great progress has been made. We intend to make a great effort to draw in Armenian girls of the better sort. We meet a great many ladies, with young girls, who can well afford to send to this school, and who are pleased with what they know of it; but the church stands in the way.

“We are always frank to say that we teach the Bible every day. We do more than that: we make direct personal appeals; we pray with and for girls whose friends are always fearing that they will be ‘turned’ from the old way. One of the most lovely of our girls, who has been here four years, declared herself a Christian last term. She had long been thoughtful, and had begun to look forward to her home visits with dread. At the Easter vacation she went home reluctantly, feeling that her mother was already offended with her, and she has not been allowed to come back. Miss Parsons and I have called on her; but the mother was cold towards us. It is very hard for this dear girl to be kept from the school that she loves so much.

“I do not see that the present distracted state of the country affects our pupils; but undoubtedly it is the reason why some men who would like to send their daughters cannot do so at present. All kinds of business are greatly depressed. We see no reason, as yet, for feeling anxiety about ourselves. Our going out and coming in are as if there were no war. We have not been disturbed in our plans or our work. We feel safe, trusting in the Lord, and we believe that he will care for this school. It is growingly dear to our hearts. We are thankful to have such precious work committed to us; but ‘who is sufficient?’

“Fifty-seven has been the greatest number of pupils at one time.”

The next term will open Sept. 13, 1877.

Below we give the course of study pursued at the Home, from which our readers can judge of the attainments of the pupils.

FIRST YEAR.

Arithmetic,
History,
Physiology,
English,
French,

Turkish,
Greek (ancient and modern), optional.
Armenian (ancient and modern), optional.
Compositions,
Bible.

SECOND YEAR.

Algebra,	French,
Natural Philosophy,	Turkish,
History (ancient),	Greek (ancient and modern), optional,
Botany,	Armenian (ancient and modern), optional,
Astronomy	Compositions,
English,	Bible.

THIRD YEAR.

Geometry,	French,
History (modern),	Turkish,
Geology,	Greek (ancient and modern), optional,
Mental Philosophy,	Armenian (ancient and modern), optional,
Evidences of Christianity,	Bible.
Moral Philosophy,	

Throughout the course, Vocal Music, Elocution, Drawing, Gymnastics, and Embroidery.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Reading, Writing, and Spell- ing,	Geography,
Mental Arithmetic,	English, First and Second Reader,
Written Arithmetic, as far as to Fractions,	Blackboard-drawing,
	Bible.

The language of the school is English.

Our Work at Home.

HISTORY OF FALLOWFIELD AUXILIARY.

NUMBER THREE.

ANNUAL subscriptions are always said to be the most reliable source of a society's income. Legacies, donations, and even sales of work, are obviously fluctuating; and the amount may be large in one year, and small in another; but the flow of subscriptions is more even, and the amount likely to be received from them is more easily calculated. In our own auxiliary, though, as will be seen in the course of our story, we have had other fruitful operations, this has been our main work. I have always told the collectors, also, to think more of the subscriber than the subscription.

A subscriber is a living soul: a subscription is only a piece of money. The value of the coin does not depend upon its metal, but upon the spirit and motive, and also upon the means, of the giver. A lady driven about by liveried servants gives the orthodox ten dollars: the poor sewing-girl gives ten cents. Who gives most?

There is no question, then, as to who is the greater giver in the sight of our Lord Jesus Christ. Ought not we, his servants, to take the same view of things as he does? In our first report it is recorded, "We have no large givers, but we have many smaller ones; and whatever be the amount of the gift, if it represents faith and love in the giver, it is acceptable to God. It is the duty of all to give something for the furtherance of missionary work, — how much, it is for our own consciences to decide." Our own subscription-list shows clearly the importance of small gifts from those who cannot afford to give large ones. The whole amount of our subscriptions (\$145) is the gathering together of no less than seven hundred and sixty-nine small payments.

But I have a word to say about collectors, as well as subscribers. If it is your privilege, reader, to have been called to this work, remember always that it is the Lord himself who has called you. Take a high view of your work. Never go into your district without having first sought the help and blessing of the Lord, and go forth expecting it. It is not your persuasion, but God's power, which can influence the heart. He can give you favor in the sight of the people. Pray often for your subscribers, and praise too.

It is very desirable that collectors should be cheerful, not cringing, as if they were begging; but happy, friendly, and at-homeable with the people. I remember meeting a collector coming from her district one afternoon, looking, so I thought, somewhat rueful and discouraged. I found, that, anxious to finish her work that day, she had gone without having had her dinner, and she was hungry. Hunger is by no means exhilarating. I shook hands with her cheerfully, for I had had my dinner, and bid her go home at once and dine. As I went on my way, I could not help thinking that a hungry collector would not be likely to obtain new subscribers.

No doubt subscriptions are the basis of a successful auxiliary; but I must pass on to another source, which also yields a steady supply. I mean missionary-boxes. When we started our auxiliary I don't think a single family in the church owned a missionary-

box : now we have over sixty. These boxes have their tale to tell. Sometimes it is a sorrowful story. The first year produces, it may be, several dollars : an interest has evidently been awakened. But in a year or two the dollars are reduced to pence : the interest is abating. Then the message is sent, when the time for opening comes, "There is nothing in my box." But it is still retained, perhaps not without some hopes of its holder retracing his backward steps. The next half-year ends with the same result; and, the interest having died away, the box is recalled. In some cases the waning care for God's work is gradual; but it can usually be clearly marked, and the result easily predicted. I have generally found the missionary-box a very faithful index of the state of its holder's interest, not only in God's work generally, but also in God's salvation; and I think I can truly say that I have very rarely had an instance of a steadily sustained box which has not been the token of maintained Christian faith, and consistency of conduct.

The box-opening time is with me a time of deepest interest. Each box suggests prayer or inspires praise. Each one represents a soul; in some cases a family of immortal souls. Each member passes in review before my mind's eye, sometimes awakening a cry for mercy, and sometimes kindling thanksgiving for the grace of God bestowed upon the owner.

There is one in whose house years of sickness involved continued expense; but her box, never neglected, yielded a yearly tribute into the treasury of God, which often surprised me. She is now with her Saviour, whom she loved, and loves now still more. There is a widow with a small but fixed income, and with an enervating illness; but, though cost of food and other necessaries had risen, her box never diminished. So I could go on telling of many.

Our boxes are opened half-yearly. I venture to suggest this as the most suitable time. Quarterly is too often, I think, and is apt to become tiresome to the holders. A year is too great a length of time. If it be half-yearly, the custom can be more easily carried out. We have made it a practice to obtain all the boxes at a stated time, whether there were much or little or nothing in them, in order that they might be duly recorded on our books. We have always made it a rule, that the missionary-box is not to be thrust into the hands of every caller or visitor in the house. Sometimes, when I have suggested the desirableness of a

box, I have been answered, "We haven't many people come to our house. I'm afraid we shouldn't get much in it." But this is not the object in view. It is not a collecting-box. An excellent friend of mine, who has many in her auxiliary, always calls them "thank-offering boxes."

In our fifth report, it is said, "Our missionary-boxes have yielded a larger sum. We have never had more of these silent friends asking for the family offerings of the Christian household; and they have not asked in vain. They seem like the hand of God,—ever open to receive the first-fruits of our increase. The sick child is restored, the ailing mother is strengthened, the father's health is mercifully continued, and there is the open hand ready to accept the thank-offering to God for his goodness. As with subscriptions, so with missionary-boxes: it is very important they should not be measured by the comparative amount of their contents.

I remember once sitting by the fireside of a poor woman. On the fire there was a huge pan; and, as the lid was raised, I saw that it was filled with potato-parings and such dainties. Thinking, "Surely the poor woman's family cannot be eating such things as this, I innocently asked,—

"What is this for, Mrs. G.?"

"It's for you, ma'am," she promptly answered with a smile.

I looked up for an explanation, thinking within myself, "I would rather not, thank you."

She pointed to her missionary-box on the chimney-piece, and said, "You see, ma'am, I haven't much to put into it: so I beg potato-parings, and such like, from my neighbors; and I boil it all up, and sell it for pig-meat, and I put the money in there."

A grateful heart is often very ingenious in its ways of showing its gratitude, and imparting to others the blessing it has found. I love to mark how those to whom God has given very little are "faithful in a very little."

THE STATE OF THE FLOCK.

WE have had an untimely death in our branch. She was young; but what possibilities of life in the young! She was delicate, weakly perhaps, yet promising. Her constitution was good, but needed good nursing; so important at a tender age, and

which I am afraid she failed of having. She lacked sufficient nourishment, and died—a coroner's inquest would declare—of starvation. She needed nothing so much as sympathy, care, and love to keep life in her. Deprived of these, there was nothing to do but to die.

I did not attend her funeral, though one of her chief mourners; for it was one of our auxiliaries—*dead!*

One thing it plainly shows, that in order to grow, to thrive, to answer their life's great end, our auxiliaries must be nursed: they must have care, attention, and the means of living.

Some spring into a healthy, hearty, happy life at once. "The joy of the Lord is their strength:" therefore they are a joy to themselves, and a rejoicing to others. They give no concern to their friends. If not heard from, we know it is all right with them. We trust them as we trust ourselves, and more so.

Others are born, that need to be "born again." Some have been, and with their new birth they have received a new baptism, that of the Holy Spirit, and are growing in vigor, usefulness, and influence. We reckon them safe.

In a few there are symptoms of "decline;" at least we are afraid of it, since it is a malady common our way. Still it can be averted, if taken in season, when loss of strength, and want of interest, are first discerned. This is the time to use remedies effectually.

"What remedies?" some one may ask. Arouse a sense of personal responsibility. Expel a selfish desire to be at ease and let things go their own way. Explain the relations of organic life, and that the Christian body is not "one member, but many." If one member suffers, all the members suffer with it; and, when one member is honored, all the members rejoice with it. That as the eye cannot say to the hand, "I have no need of thee, nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you," so Christian people, in Christian work, cannot be indifferent, negligent, and careless of each other, and live right. In advancing his kingdom on the earth, the Lord has made us necessary to each other, and dependent on each other, as we are on him.

Finally, let us hear what He says who put us in trust: "Be strong and *work*; for I am with you, saith the Lord." *Exercise* is indispensable. He helps those who help themselves.

Should there really be any failing auxiliaries, which we hope is not the case, will they not faithfully try this regimen, and report results?

H. C. K.

“WHY STAND YE HERE ALL THE DAY IDLE?”

So asked the “householder” in the parable of the men “standing idle in the market-place.” So asks Jesus himself of all his professing servants. Let us notice the reply of the men in the parable, and compare it with the replies too often given among ourselves.

1. The reply of the laborers was, “Because no man hath hired us.” There was no want of will on their part. There they had stood, very likely all day, waiting to be hired. They had seen with envy others engaged, and drafted off to their several tasks. The day was almost gone, and they had earned nothing. When, at last, the offer of work came to them, they seized it at once, not wasting a moment in bargaining for wages, but gratefully accepting the master’s assurance, that “whatever was right they should receive.”

What did the master do? He took the will for the deed: he recognized the principle so beautifully expressed in the line, “They also serve who only stand and wait;” and he generously made them a present of the whole day’s wages.

2. What can they reply who are not working for Christ now?

(1.) The laborer’s reply will not serve. What Christian woman will dare say that the great Master has never called her to work?

(2.) Nor can any plead that the work to be done can be done by others? For “the harvest truly is great, and the laborers are few.”

(3.) Nor can it be said that the field is too far off. It is world-wide indeed; but, for that very reason, parts of it are “very nigh us.”

(4.) Nor can we plead want of strength and skill. Supposing we have not strength to tread the grapes, or skill to use the sickle, can we not make ourselves useful by “carrying their dinners to them”? or, to drop the figure, by seeing that our missionaries want nothing?

(5.) The true answer is, in too many cases, “Because I prefer idleness; I cannot face the burden and heat of the day; and really I know nothing, and care less, about the harvest: it is nothing to me whether it is gathered in or not.”

But we may observe that very few intend always to be idle. They take encouragement from this very parable, and think the eleventh hour will be quite time enough, and “the *pay*” will be all the same. Ah, no! If the laborers in the parable had been all day refusing to work when invited, would the master have paid them as he did? Nay, would he have taken them at all?

Let us be sure of this, that God can convert the world to himself without us. But to be "workers together with him" is a privilege and a blessing to which he graciously admits us. Who will not seize it eagerly? —*The Church Missionary Gleaner.*

As we commence another working-season, with the "hard times" still pressing on the business-interests of the country, except for the assurance that the Lord would carry on his own work, we should have no little anxiety as to what the coming year has in store for our society. Many of our warmest friends will find it simply impossible to do as they have so gladly done hitherto. Narrowing means bring greater domestic cares, so shortening the time given to missions; and justice to others requires lessening gifts. For our growing work, then, we must depend on an increase in the number of workers rather than upon additional labor from those already enlisted in the cause. We must call upon the thousands who have till now been "idle" in foreign missionary work. We have not reached the eleventh hour, it is true; but the morning is quickly passing, and every moment is precious to the millions who are going down to death in utter darkness. "Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

Caste.

BY MISS SUSIE M. DAY.

FULL thirty centuries have come and gone,
 Since first, beside the Ganges' sacred stream,
 There sat a group of wary men and wise.
 Their object, then, to form a creed and laws
 By which their nation should be led;
 Their chief desire to keep within the hands
 Of few the rule and power o'er all the race.
 This, then, the project which their minds devised:
 "Unto the people we will ever say,
 That in the holy Veda runs the tale,
 How Brahma, wishing to preserve the race,
 Exhaled the priest, the Brahend, from his mouth;
 The warrior, next, he brought forth from his arms;
 Then, from his hips, the laborer in the field;
 And last of all, and lowest, from his feet
 There came those who are slaves to all the rest.
 Unto the Brahmin thus the whole belongs.
 Men owe him all things, even life itself:

All wisdom, virtue, holiness are his.
 His duties are to teach all holy laws,
 To read the Vedas, and to offer prayers;
 Give alms, if rich; receiving gifts, if poor.
 His sacred person he must guard with care
 The strictest; never may he eat with those
 Of an inferior caste, nor even while
 Their presence throws a shadow on the place.
 If one degraded touch him, even by chance,
 He may, in righteous anger, strike him dead.
 He must not look upon the setting sun,
 Nor when it rises glorious in the east,
 Nor when a shadow on its face is thrown.
 He must not run when falling is the rain,
 Nor mark the glowing rainbow in the sky.
 Each morning he must bathe upon the shore
 Of holy Ganges, or some sacred stream;
 There must he meditate, and strive to feel
 That Brahma in his bosom holds his place,
 That Vishnu keeps his home within his heart,
 While Shiva dwells forever in his head.
 The warrior race which springs from Brahma's army
 Must guard the people and the blessed priests;
 From it may come the kings, who yet must be
 Forever lower than the Brahmin caste.
 The traders and the laborers are next:
 They must not hear the Veda's sacred words;
 Only through Brahmins can they worship him
 Who brought them forth from his most holy side.
 And, last of all, the slave, — forever born
 To lowest state. His ears must never hear
 A prayer or holy word; no hope on earth,
 No hope of other world, may be for him,
 Forever and forever doomed a slave!"
 Such was their wily scheme; and by these means
 The hundred thousand few with ease oppressed
 The million many, from their birth condemned
 To servitude and ignorance and despair.
 Their ranks increased by those poor wretched souls,
 Who, from some trifling act, had lost their caste,
 Driven from home, and spurned by all they loved;
 For with Satanic skill these laws were framed
 So each might *fall*, but none could *ever rise*.
 And thus three thousand years were gathered up
 Into the ages. To these shores once more
 There came a little band of men; a race
 Of color fairer, and of purpose strange.
 A Brahmin, seeing, thus did question them:

“ From whence, and with what meaning, are you come ? ”

“ Freedom to bring to this enslavèd race ! ”

“ And in whose name do you this freedom give ? ”

“ The name of Jesus Christ, the Saviour-king. ”

“ Who is this king ? and where his kingdom wide ? ”

“ He is the King of kings: he rules o'er all

The mighty universe; but when on earth

He was of humble birth, a carpenter. ”

“ And did not this degrade him from his throne ? ”

“ In power and majesty he reigns supreme. ”

“ How did he keep apart from common folk ? ”

“ He lived among them, walked and talked with all

Who sought his presence; and the lowest came

And touched him as he passed, and as they touched

Were healed and cleansed from all their sicknesses. ”

“ What sacrifices give you to this God ? ”

“ Only the sacrifice of humble heart

And a submissive will: he asks no more.

Proud Brahmin, hear the message that we bring

To each of every class in all your land.

And first, ye women, sunk so low, so far,

We would lift you to liberty and joy;

Would have you loved and cared for *tenderly* ; -

Would save you from the depths of fearful crime,

From infant-slaying, and from daily sin,

To which your weary, wretched lives have led.

Listen ! The Saviour whispers, ‘ She to whom

Most is forgiven loves the *most* and *best*. ’

And ye, poor Sudra slaves, to you, as well

As to the highest priest, the sweet words come;

For you there is a Saviour, pardon, love,

A useful life on earth; above, a home.

And ye of higher caste, know that the Lord

Looks only on the heart, and ye are all

The same and equal in his searching sight;

Know that not touch, nor look, a man defile,

· But only sin degrades, and crime lays low.

And Brahmins, listen ! There was once a feast,

And men of lowly and of higher rank

Were there assembled; and our Lord was there;

And, with a towel girt, he knelt, and washed

His followers’ weary, travel-stained feet.

Lo ! your high rank avails you nothing now;

For the mightiest is he who serves. ”

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

RECEIPTS FROM JULY 18, 1877, TO AUG. 18, 1877.

MRS. BENJAMIN E. BATES, TREASURER.

MAINE.

Maine Branch. — Mrs. Woodbury S. Dana, Treas., Portland, State-st. Ch., "Little Gleaners," \$18.35; High-st. Ch., Mrs. Fenn's S. S. cl., \$32; Milton, Aux., \$5.50; Union Cong. Ch., "Mission-Circle," \$6; Machias, Aux., \$10. \$71 85

North Norway. — Hannah O. Flint, 1 00

Total, \$72 85

Fem. Dep. Armenia College.

Maine Branch. — Calais, Aux., \$12.85; Lewiston, Pine-st. Ch., Aux., for Drummond Professorship, \$11.27, \$24 12

VERMONT.

Vermont Branch. — Mrs. Geo. H. Fox, Treas. (Thetford, Aux., \$5; Lyndonville, Aux., \$11.90; "Honest Workers," \$3; Stowe, Aux., \$8; Rutland, Aux., \$32.76; West Rutland, "Marble Valley Dew Drops," \$50; Randolph, Aux., \$5; 1st Cong. S. S., \$10; St. Johnsbury, No. Ch., Aux., \$44.52, So. Ch., \$13; St. Albans, 1st Cong. Ch., \$12; "Blue Bells," \$3; Montpelier, Aux., \$36.50; Burlington, Aux., to const. L. M. Mrs. Kathrine A. Benedict, \$25; Jericho, Aux., of wh. \$25 to const. L. M. Mrs. Mary D. Pierce, \$33.72), \$283.40; expenses \$40; balance, \$243 40

Putney. — Mrs. H. A. Foster, 1 40

Total, \$244 80

MASSACHUSETTS.

Berkshire Co. Branch. — Mrs. S. W. Russell, Treas., Pittsfield, 1st Ch., Aux., \$8.81; Dalton, Aux., \$15.01, \$23 82

Boston. — Miss Mary Russell Waldron, \$1; M. A. R., \$3.20; "Widow's Mite," .10; Park-st. Ch., add'l, \$3.50; Mt. Vernon Ch., \$2.50, 10 30

Bradford. — Aux., 6 00

Hampshire Co. Branch. — Miss Isabella G. Clarke, Treas., Southampton, Aux., \$26.75; Westhampton, Aux., \$50; Easthampton, Aux., \$70; Northampton, Aux., \$2, 148 75

Lincoln. — "Cheerful Givers," of wh. \$50 to const. L. M.'s Miss Hattie T. Fiske, Miss Carrie Louise Mason; \$20, Dakota, 70 00

Lowell. — Kirk-st. Ch., "Cheerful Workers," for pupils in the Const. Home, Harpoot, Ah-mednugur, 205 00

Newburyport. — Aux., of wh. \$60 fr. North Ch. "Mission-Circle," \$125 00

Newton Centre. — "Little People's Mission-Circle," 80 00

Norton. — Wheaton Fem. Sem., 12 00

Oakham. — Aux., 5 00

Orleans. — Aux., 3 50

Plymouth. — Aux., 40 25

Legacy of Miss Azubah Capen, 189 00

Total, \$729 62

CONNECTICUT.

Eastern Conn. Branch. — Mrs. J. C. Learned, Treas., New London, 2d Ch., \$24.25; Norwich, 2d Ch., \$1; "Mignonette-seed," \$4, \$29 25

Hartford Branch. — Mrs. Charles A. Jewell, Treas., Hartford, Centre Ch., Aux., \$2; Enfield, Aux., \$3; King-st. "Mission-Circle," \$20; Kioto, Simsbury, Aux., \$39, 64 00

West Hartford. — Mrs. Edward Selden, 4 40

Wethersfield. — "Mission-Circle," pupil Harpoot, 40 00

Total, \$137 65

NEW YORK.

New York State Branch. — Mrs. Myra Fritcher Ruollin, Treas. (Rochester, \$6.25; Walton, Aux., \$16.80; Binghamton, Aux., \$5.75; "Good Will Society," \$1.30; Franklin, Aux., \$25; Fairport, Aux., \$20; Hamilton 2d Cong. Ch., Aux., \$25; Morrisville, \$10; Gloversville, Aux., pupil Ceylon, \$30; Antwerp, Aux., \$12; Moravia, \$6.25; Spencerport, Aux., \$30; Syracuse, Plymouth Cong. Ch., sal'y Miss Fritcher, Marsovan, \$317), \$505.35, expenses \$11.04, bal., \$494 31

Cazenovia. — Presb. S. S., pupil Foochow, 40 00

New York. — Mrs. Geo. T. Betts, to const. L. M. Georgiana Betts, 25 00

Total, \$559 31

OHIO.

Cedarville. — Mrs. Jane W. Mc-Millan, \$3 80

Edinburgh. — "Roy's Bank," 4 59

Total, \$8 39

General Funds, \$1,752 62

Fem. Dep. Armenia College, 24 12

"Life and Light," 241 91

Weekly Pledge, 2 92

Leaflets, 40

Legacy, 189 00

Total, \$2,210 97

MISS EMMA CARRUTH, *Asst. Treas.*

Department of the Interior.

JAPAN.

VISIT TO THE TEMPLES OF KIOTO.

THE following account was taken from a letter written by Miss Starkweather to the ladies of Canton, Ill.:—

“We went first to Hoganji Temple, the finest in Kioto, and the one visited by the imperial party while here. The grounds are very spacious and the buildings massive, with immense roofs covered with stone tiles. There were, perhaps, a score of worshippers kneeling on the soft mats, with their faces bowed in the direction of the gods beyond the massive closed doors. Many *rins* (small coins, equal in value to a mill) were scattered on the floor, the offerings of believing visitors. After walking some distance under the immense porch or projecting roof, we came to a part of the temple where were many priests; and soon we were greeted by one of their leaders, who was most cordial and polite, and invited us to inspect the rooms. They were too numerous to describe, all very beautiful; but their use we could not fully appreciate. You can imagine our feelings as we entered these, their most precious apartments, now, after centuries of seclusion, so kindly thrown open to us. The group of curious priests stood aside, with smiling faces, watching the pranks of the foreign children as they frolicked upon the soft mats that covered the spacious apartment, with its gilded pictures of Japanese court and temple life, with a wealth of birds and flowers and mountains. Some of the party volunteered to remove their shoes; but even that was not asked of us, although the Japanese always remove their clogs or sandals at the door, entering a house with only their low socks.

“One corridor had for its ceiling a succession of inlaid squares, upon which was a bunch of flowers, painted in natural and very rich colors. These were all different; and we estimated there were ninety-three varieties. We found that this part of the temple had been especially fitted up for the reception of the empress (who came last fall, and with the emperor is still tarrying in the city), with Brussels and velvet carpets, affording a rare combination

of the old and the new. An occasional screen was to be met, but nothing besides that we should call furniture; only beautiful walls and floor. Here and there we looked out upon a small garden in the perfection of cultivation; and at last our guide, who had spent two years in Europe, invited us to seats in foreign style, about a real home table. Then little cups of tea were politely brought in for our refreshment; and there, in a most friendly and candid manner, the gentlemen talked with him of the things of God and the human heart. . . . Surely prejudices are breaking away when, one year ago last October, this city was nearly turned upside down by the entrance of the first missionaries, at the instigation of these very priests. Our guide afterwards led the way up two flights of stairs, over the nice new carpets, to a tower overlooking the city: a fine view was spread out before us. In the same kind way he gave us a graphic sketch of the history of that building, which was brought from a long distance two hundred years ago. At parting, he declined the remuneration which is customary, insisting that we accept this token of hospitality from him.

“Bidding him a hearty adieu, we hastened to our jinrikshas, to be taken to the famous Diabuts and temple of the 33,333 gods. This latter is four hundred and fifty feet long. As you enter, in the centre is an immense idol with one large head, upon which are ten smaller ones; and he has in all forty hands. About him are a large number of other gods,—of thunder and lightning, war, and the various passions. Here is the God of Wind, with a large bag of wind on his back. Here, too, is the God of Sickness, a truly forlorn specimen at best, and not at all improved with age. There is the God of Labor and Humility seated upon two bags of grain, with another of a different kind upon his back, never raising his eyes in modesty. On either side of this group are long rows—quite an army, in fact—of gods; on either side ten rows, fifty in each row. Each one of these has a multitude of hands, upon each of which is a little god: so one may easily believe there are 33,333 in all. A mikado of the ancient time is said to have had a severe headache; and in a dream it was revealed to him, that, if he would build such a temple, the gods would drive it away. Here, indeed, is the temple; but whether or not the pain was relieved we do not hear. Near by were shops where rosaries were for sale.”

CENTRAL TURKEY.

REPORT OF WOMAN'S WORK IN MARASH, 1876-77.

By the seventeen letters written to the societies since our last Annual Meeting, our work has been kept so fully before our friends, that little now remains but a summing up for this Report.

Your missionaries have visited together Agemly, Vazar, Sis, Nurpet, Hadjin, Gurumze, Yerebakan, Roomly, Shar, Yarpuz, Albustan, Zetoon, Fundajak, Gourkeoy; and Zetoon has received two other short visits,

They have visited over three hundred and eighty houses for the express purpose of spiritual work; have attended an average of two prayer-meetings a week; have been present at seventy women's meetings, having had charge of twenty of these; have given forty-three lessons to sabbath-school teachers; and during the eight months of school have given an average of eight Bible-lessons a week. They have attended twenty meetings of the Woman's Committees, sixteen meetings of the School Committee, ten regular meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association, also sixteen meetings of the Association's special committees; and for more than a month they held extra daily meetings with one of the schools in connection with the revival, while our city schools have received more rather than less attention.

Native Teachers. — Of eight of the nine new ones that entered the work last year, we have heard only good from the people; and, though we see many defects, we are compelled to say they have more than met our expectations. Of the eight older teachers I will only add that they have been diligent teachers, faithful servants of Christ.

In all but one of the places outside of Marash, these teachers have charge of the Wednesday meetings for the women; they are also the teachers in the sabbath school; and in most of the places there is a prayer-meeting on the third sabbath of each month, at noon, of which they have the entire charge; while in some places there is a meeting every sabbath. In all but two of the places now occupied, they have succeeded in bringing the women to pledge themselves to weekly offerings. Thus they are teachers in the widest sense.

The women of the Second Church, Marash, are now employing a Bible-reader in their own congregation, thus reaching a number

of young women who have come to us from the Armenian Church. The Hadjin and Zetoon churches have each sent one poor girl to us, they paying the travelling-expenses, finding books and clothes; and the Marash school committee have paid thirty dollars toward the board of four girls that we thought best to send to Aintab. All of which we hope will prove to be a beginning in the right direction.

J. L. COFFING.

Home Department.

A USEFUL LIFE.

MRS. ABIGAIL NIMS HUNT was born at Sangerfield, N.Y., Dec. 9, 1809. At the age of five she was left without parents, and in the care of her uncle, Mr. Justus Nims of Conway, Mass. After reaching years of discretion, she was occupied as a teacher in Conway, and afterwards in Bath, N.Y., and ever evinced those qualities which she possessed throughout her life,—deep piety, amiability, and a firm though most gentle and quiet spirit.

On July 26, 1839, she was married in Boston to Mr. P. R. Hunt, who was under appointment by the American Board to establish a mission press in the city of Madras, India. Four days after, she embarked from Boston with her husband, and, after a short stay in Ceylon, reached Madras in safety.

There, in the heart of the city,—Blacktown,—the press was set up, and her household established at Popham House, on Popham's, Broadway. Here she spent the ensuing ten years, sustaining and cheering her husband in his arduous work, and laboring directly for the natives to the extent of her strength.

It was during this period that her four children were born. Near the close of it her two eldest, both daughters, were removed by death.

Soon after this, Mr. Hunt changed his residence to a house in Royapooram, a suburb two miles from the city wall. Here, for many years, she kept open house for the entertainment of all missionaries of any American societies who passed through Madras on their way to different mission-fields in South India, or on their way to America; cared for her family in an exemplary manner; and gave instruction day by day to a class of Hindoo

girls upon the veranda of her house. During these years she exhibited an unusual degree of resolution in keeping at her post in spite of weakness and ill health. While never robust and ruddy, and inheriting a tendency to pulmonary disease, she expected benefit from a change to the climate of India; and no doubt her life was indefinitely prolonged by her residence in a tropical climate. Yet it was only through the most assiduous care of her health that she was able to do full duty by the side of her husband. Repeatedly she was driven to Coromandel upon the coast, to Bangalore, or the Neilgherry Hills in the interior, to recruit her declining strength. But, during these periods of separation, she continued the work to which she had devoted her life by her words of sympathy and discreet counsel addressed to her husband.

In 1854, for the benefit of both her husband's and her own health, she returned to America *via* England, with Mr. Hunt and their two boys, arriving at Boston early in the summer. The intention of the parents was to return to their work after gaining needed rest and strength, and after finding homes for their children in the United States.

In June, 1855, after finding a home for his eldest son, Mr. Hunt took steamer at Boston for Madras, *via* London and Suez, leaving Mrs. Hunt to confirm her health, and provide for her younger son.

In December, 1856, Mrs. Hunt embarked at Boston in the ship "South Shore," bound for Madras, *via* Cape of Good Hope. She left her two boys in a Massachusetts village, in homes on opposite sides of the street. After a quick trip of one hundred days, she rejoined her husband in Madras.

Her work was now what it had been before, and was done in weakness, but with great faith and determination. The state of her health, and the heat of the city, still demanded frequent visits to the mountainous regions of the interior, and sometimes she was accompanied by her husband.

In 1867 she returned again to America with her husband, *en route* for Peking, China, being under appointment by the Board to start a work in North China similar to that already accomplished in India. A great work had been done by Mr. Hunt in Tamil typography and in the general manufacture of books in the vernacular; and his labors and improvements were fully appreciated by the foreign residents and the native Christians of the country. Yet it was deemed wise by the Board to sell out the establishment

to some one of the English societies already established in Madras, who would carry on the work as it had been begun.

Mrs. Hunt landed with her husband at New York on the 26th of June, 1867, finding her youngest son in college at Amherst, Mass. Her eldest son had died for the Union in a Southern prison, in November of 1864. After a season of rest she took steamer in March, 1868, at New York, with her husband and two young ladies, for Peking, *via* Panama and Japan, in a driving winter's storm, and while too weak from recent illness to walk on board. Her arrival in Peking was upon the 10th of June, 1868. Here her work was to keep house, with Chinese servants, at the age of fifty-nine. Undaunted, and without hesitation, she began, with her phrase-book at her belt and an abundance of Yankee pluck in her heart. Her husband had no small task to perform; but she stood shoulder to shoulder with him, although many times it was her unquenchable spirit alone which kept the flesh standing. She was ever loved and esteemed in China for her devotion to the cause of Christ, and for her quiet and generous hospitality, while the native Christians and servants looked up to her with unlimited affection and veneration.

In 1873 her son, with his wife, entered the same field of labor; and the united family found joy in serving the Master together. In 1876 her son, with his wife and son, returned to America on account of ill health, the separation seeming to her to be a final one. Her powers had already begun to fail, and during succeeding months her decline grew more and more rapid. Early in the following year she was confined to her bed, from extreme prostration rather than from acute suffering: from extreme difficulty in respiration, however, her sufferings were great. In this condition she remained for three months, nursed with a daughter's regard and care by Miss Chapin of the mission. During this time, patience had its perfect work, while her meekness, composure, and forgetfulness of self, proved her fitness for the final change. A sudden attack of pneumonia quickly released her longing spirit. Thus after twenty-seven years of service in India, and ten years of labor in China, she passed to the other world on the 29th of March, 1877. Her house had been set in order to the minutest particular, and she was waiting to go. She leaves a memory redolent with good deeds done for the Master's sake; and the influence of her life is still felt through volumes of letters written from different parts of India and America, and from North China.

“All things pass away but the love of God. Suffice it to say, she loved and feared God above all things.” M. W. H.

FAREWELL MEETING.

A FEW friends gathered at the Missionary Room, in Chicago, on the morning of Aug. 14, to welcome and to take leave of Mrs. and Miss Pierson on their way to China, and Miss Wilson and Miss Parmelee on the way to Japan. The meeting, which was of a social and religious character, was conducted by Mrs. Haven. After a few brief words from each of the four missionary ladies as to how they had been led to take up the foreign work, Mrs. Clark of the Sandwich Islands spoke of the privilege of engaging in missionary work in our day, when the progress of events is so rapid, and when the Christian Church has become such a power behind the missionary to sustain both by moral force and by prayer. Miss Van Duzee of Erzroom testified to the satisfaction which the missionary always finds in the foreign work. The Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior has the privilege of sending one of these new missionaries, — Miss H. Frances Parmelee of Twinsburg, O., who has been adopted by the branch in her own State.

TRAIN THE CHILDREN TO THE WORK.

THE missionary work is only just commenced, or half entered upon, if we alone are interested. We must draw our children with us, and expect, by the blessing of God, that they will be ready to take our places, and with more zeal and fervency, and more consecration, than their parents, carry on this blessed work.

In preparing the children for this work, Christian parents will need much wisdom, and, constantly feeling their own dependence upon divine assistance, should diligently and daily seek that aid by prayer. To commence with a child when quite young, taking it upon the knee, and telling it stories about the heathen and about missionaries, will undoubtedly make it intelligent in those matters; but that alone will never educate it for this work. As the child grows up, the zealous mother will probably be astonished and grieved to find, that, unless the story is of unusual or thrilling interest, the child wearies, and, alas! when it is old enough to read,

will seldom take up missionary papers and magazines of its own accord.

Let the mother's chief concern be to lead the child to Jesus. Let her teach it from its infancy, that the human will must be in subjection to the divine; that it has entered upon a life, which, once spent, will never be recalled; that an important life-work is before it, of which one day it must give an account. Teach it, that in the small, daily acts of its little life, it either pleases or displeases its Maker and Redeemer. Teach it disinterested benevolence, not only by precept and example, but by making it the almoner of gifts. Encourage the weekly laying aside of a part of the pennies earned, or given it, for objects of charity.

Fan diligently that little spark, *conscience*. If such earnest efforts are accompanied by prayer, and well watered by the Holy Spirit, we shall see our children growing up with a healthy development of mind and soul; and, when prepared to enter life's work, we shall find that all the noble and good enterprises which present themselves will find an echo in the heart of the Christian youth, and he will be in an attitude to further every good cause as God gives him strength. Even if the call to suffer for Christ sounds in the ear, the Christian child will stand up as a good soldier for the Great Captain.

I would earnestly entreat the mothers, sisters, teachers, and all who do and can exert an influence on the young around them, to set themselves more earnestly to teach the rising generations to consecrate themselves to *Christ*; and then *his work*, whatever it be, will be near and dear to their hearts. A. E. D.

TWO ENTREATIES.

FRIENDS will easily trace the pen of Mrs. Sarah Edwards Henshaw in the following extracts, and divine that they are from the column of the "Woman's Board of the Pacific." But if the auxiliaries of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior will substitute the name of Mrs. Francis Bradley, Evanston, Ill., for that of Mrs. Cole of Oakland, and will multiply the one thousand dollars by six, they may then take the "entreaties" seriously to heart.

"There are yet three months, and then cometh the harvest. Can we raise one thousand dollars in three months? With the hard

times, (why must there always be 'times'?) and the drought,—such a word of doom to California,—and the poor crops, and the once well-off people who need help, and the numbers out of employment, and the tramps, and the beggars, and the general depression, can we do it?

"It seems an almost impossible sum for *us* to create out of nothing, as it were, in so short a time. But we must strain every nerve, and we must *do* it. Which of our three dear missionaries would we be willing to give up because we cannot raise the money for her support? Or how could we cut down, without blushing, the too small stipend which already suffices for their wants? or how transfer one of them to some other Board? We cannot *think* of it, nor will we think of it! We have adopted them; we will take care of them.

"So this comes to our auxiliaries as an entreaty, — as two entreaties. First, we beg all societies and individuals having money designed for our treasury to send it immediately, directed to 'Mrs. R. E. Cole, Oakland.' No matter how small the sum, send it *at once*. Do not, let us beg you, do not say this within yourselves, 'My money is so little, it will not make any difference; and I shall probably go myself to the association, and can hand it in then; and, by waiting, the sum will be larger, and will look better for our society; and so I will wait.' My dear, it *will* make a difference; and you may, can, might, could, would, and should *not* wait. Only thus can our poor, impecunious Board know whether we are to wrestle with a deficit, and, if so, how great a deficit. If you were a 'Board,' having responsibilities, carrying three dear lady missionaries, and your pledges nearly due, would not *you* want to know what sum of money you would be compelled to beg, borrow, or st—rike out *some* plan for raising in the next three months? Every dollar which comes in immediately will relieve just so much tension, and bring us just so much nearer a solution of our difficulty. Therefore entreaty number one is this: SEND NOW.

"And entreaty number two is 'like unto it:' RAISE MORE. Let us all go to work afresh; let us do all we can; let us labor with the utmost diligence during these last months of our grace. . . . Let us gird ourselves to a renewed effort and make it together; let us go forth once more and reglean our field; and let us do it cheerfully; for we are sure of success if we but make a strong and a concerted effort. Then what rejoicing there will be when we 'come again with joy, bringing our sheaves with us'! Send now; raise more."

OBITUARY.

As a more extended notice of Miss Whipple's life will appear in our next number, we borrow the following paragraph from the "Advance."

Miss J. Emmaretta Whipple of Badger, Wis., who has been the assistant of Mrs. Nina Foster Riggs at Bogue Mission, among the Dakotas, the past two years, under a commission from the Woman's Board of the Interior, after an illness of less than three weeks, died at St. Caroline's Court Hotel in Chicago, Aug. 11, at the age of twenty-four. With her fellow-missionary, Miss Collins, she was making a brief visit to Chicago and vicinity, addressing ladies' meetings, and visiting personal friends. She died of gastric fever, tenderly cared for by her companion, and with the kindly manifested sympathies of many Christian friends whose affection she readily engaged and richly deserved. Solemn and tender funeral services were held on the day of her death at the hotel where she died, conducted by Rev. S. J. Humphrey, Western Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Many ladies interested in missions and in the dear departed missionary were present. This is the second time within about two years that the Bogue Mission has been bereaved of one of its teachers. Though the workers have died, the work was never more promising than now.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Ninth Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior will be held at Davenport, Io., Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 7 and 8. Auxiliary societies will please appoint delegates, and prepare written reports. Auxiliaries that cannot be represented by delegate are requested to send their reports, with names of officers, to the Secretary Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior, 75 Madison Street, Chicago, before Oct. 15.

ONE of our correspondents writes, "I wonder if women generally have their hearts so full of this work, that auxiliary societies spring up where they spend their summer vacations. It *ought* to be so."

PATCHWORK.

FRIENDS will please remember that packages of patchwork for mission schools *must not be sealed*, and must contain *no writing*. The violation of either of these rules causes us to pay full letter postage, which, on some packages, has amounted to a dollar and a half.

ANOTHER BABY'S MONEY. — Our recent article entitled "Baby's Money" has borne fruit in the consecration of the contents of another little savings-bank whose infant owner

"Hath gone unto that school
Where he no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule."

ITEMS.

IN India, one Baptist missionary has baptized more than five hundred converts since July, 1876, in one district of the Teloogoo mission.

Six years ago, Rev. R. W. McAll and his wife were stirred by a great longing to lead the working-classes of Paris out of their contemptuous infidelity into a joyful recognition of God as their Father, and Christ as their Saviour. With but little knowledge of the French language or French life, and knowing that their audience must be gathered in spite of the gayeties and allurements of Sunday in that busy capital, he began holding some small services. In this enterprise he has secured the co-operation of many of the most eminent French Protestants. His success has been beyond expectation. He has opened station after station, until there are now nineteen meeting-places, with an average attendance of over 5,500 persons weekly. During the first years of this work, the number of *men* in attendance was small; but it has been constantly increasing. It is said of them, "One needs some other word than 'listen' to describe their impassioned attention when we speak to them of the gospel. Its tender appeals go straightway to their heart; and then they feel that they are loved." The insignificant shops which were at first used for meeting-places have proved insufficient, and have given way to larger halls. In these rooms Mr. McAll has organized a very important work among the Paris boys and girls. Between two thousand and three thousand receive religious instruction every week.

RECEIPTS OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE INTERIOR.

FROM JULY 15, 1877, TO AUG. 15, 1877.

MRS. FRANCIS BRADLEY, TREASURER.

OHIO BRANCH.

<i>Austintburg.</i> — From young ladies of Grand River Inst. for the endowment of Armenia College,	\$8 00
<i>Chagrin Falls.</i> — Aux.,	14 30
<i>Columbus.</i> — 1st Ch., Aux.,	9 40
<i>Conneaut.</i> — Aux.,	30 00
<i>Hudson.</i> — Aux., for salary of Miss Collins and Miss Parmelee, \$11.50; Miss Metcalf, \$5,	16 50
<i>Marietta.</i> — Aux.,	35 00
<i>Painesville.</i> — Aux., for salary of Miss Parsons,	68 25
<i>Sandusky.</i> — Aux., for pupil at Samokov,	40 00
<i>Saybrook.</i> — Aux., for salary of Miss Collins,	5 00
<i>Tallmadge.</i> — Aux., of which \$25 is for salary of Miss Parmelee,	41 56
Total,	\$268 01

INDIANA.

<i>Indianapolis.</i> — "Mayflower," Aux.,	\$5 75
Total,	\$5 75

MICHIGAN.

<i>Almont.</i> — Aux., for salary of Miss Pinkerton,	\$7 00
<i>Calumet.</i> — "Busy Bees,"	5 55
<i>Canandaigua.</i> — Aux.,	5 00
<i>Hartland.</i> — Aux., for salary of Miss Spencer,	7 00
<i>Jackson.</i> — Aux., for salary of Miss Hollister, and to const. Mrs. J. L. Maile, Miss F. W. Kirtland, Mrs. E. A. Sumner, and Mrs. Z. W. Waldron L. M.'s,	100 00
<i>Kalamazoo.</i> — Aux., 1st Ch., for rent of Cesarea school,	50 00
<i>Pinckney.</i> — Aux.,	8 00
<i>Pontiac.</i> — Aux., for scholarship in the Marsh school,	11 60
<i>Port Huron.</i> — Aux., for salary of Miss Pinkerton,	6 87
<i>Portland.</i> — Aux.,	6 00
<i>Saranac.</i> — Aux.,	5 00
Total,	\$212 02

ILLINOIS.

<i>Blue Island.</i> — Aux.,	\$6 00
<i>Chicago.</i> — N. E. Ch., Aux., for salary of Miss Chapin,	35 67
<i>Danvers.</i> — Aux., \$9; Rosebud Miss. Circle, \$4,	13 00
<i>Geneva.</i> — Aux.,	10 25
<i>Granville.</i> — Aux.,	10 50

<i>Oak Park.</i> — Aux., \$18.74. for school at Manissa; "Baby Fred's money for China," \$25,	\$43 74
<i>Peru.</i> — Aux.,	7 39
<i>Quincy.</i> — Aux., for salary of Miss Evans,	15 00
<i>Sheffield.</i> — Aux.,	4 40
<i>Waukegan.</i> — Aux.,	7 00
<i>Waverly.</i> — Aux., for salary of Miss Evans,	20 00
Total,	\$172 95

WISCONSIN.

<i>Beloit.</i> — Cong. S. S., for pupil in Bridgman school,	\$40 00
<i>Fort Atkinson.</i> — Aux., \$22; "Faithful Band," .32,	22 32
<i>Oshkosh.</i> — Aux.,	12 41
<i>Racine.</i> — Aux., for Manissa school,	21 08
<i>Stoughton.</i> — Aux.,	4 00
<i>Whitewater.</i> — Aux.,	64 23
Total,	\$164 04

IOWA.

<i>Denmark.</i> — Aux.,	\$25 00
<i>McGregor.</i> — Aux., for Bible-reader,	5 08
<i>Sibley.</i> — "From a lover of the cause," for the Kobe Home,	5 00
<i>Toledo.</i> — Aux.,	4 62
<i>Traer.</i> — Aux.,	12 20
<i>Waterloo.</i> — "Mayflower" Miss. Circle, for a pupil in Samokov, and to const. Cora Ellis a L.M.,	42 00
Total,	\$93 90

MINNESOTA.

<i>Minneapolis.</i> — 1st Ch., Aux., for Miss Barrow's salary,	\$25 00
Total,	\$25 00

MISSOURI BRANCH.

<i>Breckenridge.</i> — Aux.,	\$6 00
<i>Kansas City.</i> — Aux.,	25 30
<i>Springfield.</i> — Aux.,	25 70
<i>St. Louis.</i> — Pilgrim Ch., Aux.,	7 00
Total,	\$64 00

MISCELLANEOUS.

<i>New York.</i> — Warsaw S. S., for support of Marian at Marash,	\$37 45
<i>China, Peking.</i> — Rev. W. A. P. Martin, for Bridgman school,	20 77
Sale of envelopes and pamphlets,	1 34
Total,	\$59 66
Total,	\$1,065 23

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